Raspberry White Chocolate

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Raspberry White Chocolate

by sourweather

Summary

Hannibal isn't usually a noisy person. Will knows how to get a good sound out of him, though.

Notes

You select the Raspberry White Chocolate from your Chocolate Sampler. It's creamy, sweet and sour. A perfect flavor combination. You're tempted to let it melt in your mouth.

See the end of the work for more notes

Hannibal isn't typically a loud person.

He doesn't need to be, usually. Never needs to talk over crowds, or shout at people. When Hannibal Lecter speaks, the world listens. And he's never needed something as brutish as *volume* to inspire fear in someone.

Sure, he might raise his voice a little if he's calling Will to dinner across the house, or to catch the attention of one of their dogs. But that's about it. Even in the bedroom, Hannibal is almost always characteristically reserved— mostly sticking to low grunts and growls, and the occasional worshipful utterance of Will's name. So no, Hannibal isn't typically loud.

The key word, there, is *typically.*

"Oh, God— *God,* Will…"

Will's swollen lips twitch into a smug smile, there and gone again as he focuses entirely on his task. He lays a kiss on the twitching flesh of Hannibal's pussy, laps gently at his folds before wrapping his lips around his husband's T-cock.

The moan it rips from Hannibal's lungs echoes off the walls of their bedroom, reverberates in Will's ears and shoots straight to his cock. He's painfully hard right now, has been for ages. He ignores it. He's too focused on Hannibal to think about anything else.

Hannibal sucks in a shuddering gasp, his soft stomach sinking in as his muscles turn tense. Will tongues at the engorged clit in his mouth, kneading at Hannibal's toned thighs.

He's been at this for hours. Always is, when Hannibal gives him the opportunity. It's something Will's always had a bit of a proficiency for, if he's honest. Eating cunt. People wonder how he landed the opportunity to put a baby in Margot Verger, why Molly stayed with him so long even when he was clearly beyond fixing. Look no further than his mouth.

But with Hannibal, it's otherworldly. He'd stay down here forever, given the chance. The skin of his face is tender, rubbed raw by friction and slick. He's soaked from his nose to his neck, his jaw is sore. None of that matters, not when Hannibal is needy like this.

It's the only way Will's found to break through the facade. Hannibal likes to keep his feelings under-wraps, if he can. It's not that he doesn't *have* strong emotions. Hannibal is one of the most deeply emotional people Will's ever met. But he doesn't really like for people to see evidence of those feelings.

Will's allowed more glimpses than anyone else, where Hannibal's vulnerability is concerned. And he takes that honor very seriously, treasures it for the privilege that it is. But God, it's so damn satisfying to lie Hannibal out and just *shatter* him from time to time.

Hannibal threads his fingers into Will's sweat-damp hair, pulls him even closer until his nose is smushed against Hannibal's pelvis. "Please," he pants, nails digging into Will's scalp. "Please, don't stop, please!"

Will hums, half-floating on his pride for making the Chesapeake Ripper start honest-to-God *babbling.* The vibration punches a sob out of Hannibal, his clit throbs against Will's tongue.

When Will pulls away this time, Hannibal whines so pitifully that he almost feels guilty about it. Almost. He's never edged Hannibal for this long before, never left him dangling on the brink of insanity quite like this. He's been handling it admirably, so far. And that just won't do.

"Will," Hannibal mewls, and Will nuzzles his dripping, oversensitive pussy almost affectionately. "Oh Will, darling, please. I-I can't take this anymore, I… Let me come, please."

Will groans, low in his throat. Hannibal's terrible for his ego, when he gets like this. He can already tell that he's going to be insufferable for days. It's a heady thing, making a man like Hannibal Lecter beg for something.

Still. "I think you can hold out a little longer, sugar," he purrs, and he sees how his husband shivers at the sound of his voice.

Hannibal whimpers, tossing his head to the side and hiding his blushing face. "You're on a power trip tonight," he accuses, chest heaving as he tries to catch his breath. Will doesn't deny it. "Awful boy, look at me. I'm yours. You've claimed me, body and mind. What more could you possibly want from me?"

Will licks his lips, runs his hands down Hannibal's sides. "See, now— that was just too many words, darlin'." He looks up at Hannibal, bites the bony jut of his hip just to watch him flinch from it. "If you can still ask for it, then you don't need it bad enough."

He ducks his head back down, at that, and licks Hannibal's cunt in one long pass from his hole to the tip of his T-cock. The resulting whine makes him roll his hips into the sheets, grunting softly at the friction against his aching cock.

As if in surrender, Hannibal falls limp against the mattress. His legs are spread wide for Will's taking, the rest of him pliant and quivering. *Sweet,* Will thinks. He's managed to turn his monster into something *sweet.* Something like a growl rises in Will's throat, and he buries himself back where he belongs.

Hannibal lets slip a long, low moan when Will shoves his tongue deep into his hole, fucking him with his mouth. His hips lift from the bed, grinding himself against Will's face. Will laps at his inner walls, working him over until his jaw starts burning with his effort.

The minutes blur together, for a while. Will's not really sure how long he spends teasing his husband. Long enough that his cock has started oozing precome into his boxers, unable to stop his hips from rocking where he lies.

Above him, Hannibal has begun to mutter. It's not English. Will's not even confident that it's *language.* His husband may be speaking in tongues, for all Will knows. There's a crazed fervor to it, a mania. To Will, it sounds like prayer.

He moans his answer into Hannibal's cunt, thumbs spreading him wide as he reduces his husband to his purest, most beautiful state: Madness.

Will can feel it when Hannibal starts approaching orgasm again. His muscles start spasming around Will's tongue, his glistening body jerks in place. Will rubs two fingers against the other man's T-cock, fucks him as fast as he can manage after hours hard at work.

With a final powerful shudder, Hannibal's body locks up. He's frozen, for a moment. Suspended. And then the silence explodes around them.

Hannibal *screams,* formless cries of ecstasy that lapse into frantic moans of Will's name. His spine arches from the bed like he's been exorcised, it would be frightening if it wasn't so wildly fucking erotic. His cunt tightens rhythmically, squeezing Will's tongue and making his eyes roll. He *loves* this, loves feeling Hannibal cum around his tongue or his fingers or his cock.

The first gush of wetness catches him by surprise. Hannibal's not a squirter, usually. And not for lack of trying on Will's part. But as soon as his brain catches up with what's happening, Will moans like he's been wounded. His cock jumps, and the next thing he knows he's coming untouched into his boxers. He turns sloppy, guttural sounds pouring from him as he laps at Hannibal's leaking cunt. His fingers plunge their way inside, petting his husbands G-spot even as Hannibal's mewls fade into weak little whimpers. He draws out Hannibal's orgasm as long as he possibly can, makes him squirt and sob and shiver until he collapses into the sheets.

Will praises him as he comes down, dotting his trembling thighs and stomach with kisses while Hannibal struggles to regain mastery over his breathing.

"Perfect," he mutters, the words half-lost against Hannibal's sweaty skin. "Fuck, you're so perfect, Hannibal. Taste so good, look so pretty when you let me take you to pieces like that. I'm so lucky to have you, sugar."

Hannibal's fingers find their way back into Will's hair. He guides Will upward, coaxing him nearer until he can pull Will into a slow, smoldering kiss. It's wet, tacky. Neither of them care.

"Wicked thing," Hannibal purrs lovingly, catching him in another kiss a moment later. "You bring out the very worst in me, do you know that?"

Will shrugs with one shoulder, staring down at his husband with what he knows is a terribly lovesick smile. Hannibal is glowing, right now. Lax and flushed and completely at ease. Happy, even. "Trust me, darlin'. I've seen you much worse than this."

End Notes

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